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VOL. 20, NO. 3

MARCH, 1959



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THE REGISTRAR
Macdonald College,
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Joe Taylor.

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JERSEYS

L. T. CHAPMAN
HUDSON HEIGHTS, QUE.

Editorial

"As For the Future"

Is Canada soon to have a peasant class? A third year student in agriculture at Macdonald College gives us a thought provoking answer.

A guest editorial by E.S.C.

THE theme of the 1959 Macdonald College Royal, "As for the Future", stressed once again the importance of agriculture as a primary industry in our economy. What, we asked, does the future hold for the Canadian farmer?

Agriculture is a field mined with problems. If we were to judge by the frequent, loud and rather nervous interjections made by the Minister of Agriculture in the Commons, or the determined way in which some of our agricultural economists grit their pipe-stems, we might conclude that any lasting solutions to these problems are not yet apparent.

Certainly the demands of the next ten years will require substantial changes in farming which will effect a critically important economic reorganization of the farm industry. Larger farms, a reduced labour force, greater machinery investment per farm and per acre, and demands for greater efficiency have brought the small farmer almost to the brink. It has been estimated that some 35 per cent of our farms are too small, or their operators too limited in capital to reach the degree of mechanization called for by economic standards. These farms represent the most intractable problem in our agriculture.

What is to become of the small farmer in future? Unless he can obtain enough credit to increase the size and efficiency of his farm, or unless the country returns to a condition of high employment so that he can move to some other segment of the economy, he will be left where he is, while his standard of living, and that of his family, inevitably drops to or

rather remains at a subsistence level.

It has been suggested that as a result of this predicament, Canada seems almost assured of a "peasantry" in years to come — we can't say of a bold peasantry, for while it might have been something to boast about in feudal or early capitalist times, we would not say the same of the mid-20th century. This view, however, may be a trifle pessimistic. At least it seems to those of us belonging to that "ignoble lot" known as the "younger generation".

It seems that the majority of agricultural problems have been shifted to the shoulders of the government, and are likely to remain there in future. The wheat dilemma is a familiar example. Every year, "Dief" and the boys have to find outside markets for 300-350 billion bushels of grain. Whether they are doing an aggressive enough sales job is apparently open to some question.

On the domestic scene, in order to maintain "a healthy agricultural economy, the present government has not only continued with the price support policies of the farmer administration, but has raised substantially the support levels on a number of products. This increase has just been enough to assure them the financial burdens of large stock piles, which in the long run will likely detract from, rather than add to, the security of the farmer. The Canadian Federation of Agriculture in fact, recently considered asking for a lower support price on hogs! Strange things are happening!

While inflation is threatening to go from a creep or a walk to

a gallop, and the government's budgetary deficit is nearing the billion dollar mark for the year, the prairie farmers were "falling in" for a "March on Ottawa" to ask for increased government expenditures through deficiency payments on wheat. Certainly the farmers are entitled to their fair share of the national earnings, but what a time to ask for it! If the government continues to "come through with the lettuce", it may not be long before the Hon. Donald Fleming is selling pencils on the corner of Sparks and Bank.

What can the government do? What could *any* government do? Aside from the purely economic and social problems, there are bound to be political obstacles, manifested in regional jealousies and partisan considerations. Statesmanship of a high order is necessary and the future may well prove to us that the potential for it is there.

Come what may, we must not place the farmer in a position of working for government bounty rather than producing for a free market; nor must we subsidize inefficiency.

"As for the Future"... if we give the attention that is needed to the economic and social health of our agricultural areas, solutions can be found to these problems. That is our job.

CANADIAN CATTLE NUMBERS DECLINE

The greatly increased flow of slaughter, feeder and dairy cattle into export channels since June 1957, together with domestic slaughter equal to last year, left Canada's farm cattle population at June 1 this year 2.5% below the June 1957 total. All cattle and calves totalled 11,001,000 head at June 1 this year compared to 11,296,000 head a year ago.

In eastern Canada where cattle are estimated to number 5,376,000 head, the decrease amounted to 2%, with all provinces contributing to the drop in numbers. In the west, the total is estimated to be 5,625,000 head, a decrease of 3%.

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Editor, H. GORDON GREEN, Ormstown, Que.



Neither the Angus nor the stockman came from the west.
Only the hats.



No amount of scholarly argument will ever convince this young visitor that the Royal is worthwhile. Hence his little demonstration of passive resistance.

What's the Sense of a College Royal?

The exhibitors are neither the breeders nor the owners of their entries. They merely make them look pretty. Isn't it all very silly?

THESE are days when the more studious of our agriculturists are casting some very biting aspersions at the venerable tradition of showmanship. "Why spend so much time, effort and money parading an animal before a judge in the hope of getting some ribbon which doesn't prove a thing about that animal's ability to produce?", they say. "Why worry about how near an animal might come to the ideal set down by some breed association when we're more convinced than ever that the pure-bred can no longer be regarded as the ultimate achievement of breeding?"

Such questions are more pertinent than ever in a college which has been well in the forefront of those agencies which have led us to question the old order in livestock husbandry.

But there are other aspects of this question which go far beyond the matter of production efficiency and which we think, is quite as important as the latest findings of our research men.

One of these is the matter of



"Back up, you son of a pedigree! Back up!"
A class of North Country Cheviots lines up for the judge.



The cookery demonstration was one of the most popular spots on the campus and one had to wait in line to get in.



The temperature in the arena was somewhere down near zero when the tractor rodeo roared into action. This young miss is much too busy to be cold, however.

pride. Long hours and overwork are by no means the only reasons why many a good lad has left the farm to search out greener fields far, far away. Let a boy find himself on a farm where the buildings are tattered and gray, the fields worn thin, the fences threadbare and the animals looking as tired and nondescript as the rest of the place, and one can readily understand why he will leave it at the first opportunity without regrets. Especially if he has been afflicted with a father who has neither the talent nor ambition to change the situation.

On the other hand, give our young farm people a vision of brightness, of beauty and something to hold their pride, and if they ever do leave the farm, they

at least will do so regretfully and with a fond memory.

The agricultural college is well aware of this, and knows that very often such a vision is not only lacking in the student's home, but that it has been rather callously shrugged aside as being an effeminate frill with no practical use.

So the College Royal is parade day for our better farmers of tomorrow, and no one needs to make any apology for all the fretting about the trim of an animal's hoofs, or how to make it stand with all four feet in the approved stance. It is useless to point out too that the showmen have had no hand at all in breeding the entries they lead into the ring and do not

own them. What really matters is that they are schooling themselves in the very important art of communicating with animals, of understanding them and of being understood. Most important still, they are experiencing a quiet thrill of artistic appreciation which is beyond any power of words to express.

And once they have that appreciation, it can never be shaken from them as long as they live.

Surely such pride is not effeminate or silly simply because it would be difficult for an economist to translate its worth into dollars. But can it be poor economy to instill into these young farmers that sort of pride which will enable them to have a new love for their chosen profession?

THE MAGIC OF OLD BARNS

An editorial in the Ottawa Journal

Old barns are a meaningful part of the history and tradition of this country. Weather-stained and grey, with sags in their roof lines, leaning out of plumb, with gaping windows and doors ajar from broken hinges, old barns are as much a part of the countryside as covered bridges.

Old barns are friendly buildings — if a man knew one in his boyhood. There was a feeling of peace and security among sleek horses and placid cows. Since barns were first built, boys have jumped from

high scaffolds to piles of hay on the floor when they pitched the dried grass down on fall and winter afternoons as soon as they arrived from district school.

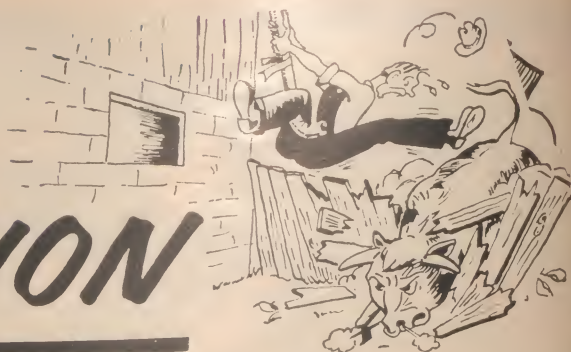
On stormy days, boys have dug tunnels along the sides of the heaped mows; in spring many a man now working in a dignified city office has hunted the scaffolds for nests where free-ranging hens laid their eggs. Of course, there were chores in the barns, cows to milk, calves to feed, cleaning to be done and bedding to be spread.

On rushing summer days, heaped loads of sweet-smelling timothy and clover were pitched off by

hand, and it was a lad's job to mow it away beneath hot eaves. On crisp, blue-gold autumn days, baskets and boxes of apples were piled in bins beneath a scaffold to be sorted later.

It was good to see the old barn in early morning and hear the eager whinny of the horses as the door was opened and to hear the cows rattling their chains, impatient for their hay. Probably city sophisticates cannot understand it, but men and boys liked the heady, familiar smell in the barn — a smell compounded of hay and grain, livestock, sawdust, manure and leather of the harness room.

Letters for our BEEF SECTION



INTEGRATION AGAIN

Dear Mr. Editor:

Every publication you pick up these days which concerns farming or food distribution is pretty certain to make reference to "vertical integration" or "contract farming". Have two simple phrases ever created such a stir?

It would appear that one of the reasons for the prompt and somewhat emotional response to these words occurs because their meaning is not clearly defined. Loosely used, as they often are, the words cover a tremendously wide range of economic activity, all the way from the packing plant which raises hogs to the farmer who pledges his turkeys against an advance of feed.

Occasionally, though, suggestions become pointed enough to be almost embarrassing. You hear a man say that the solution to vertical integration lies with the co-operatives, that if co-operatives don't hurry up they will be left behind. Apparently he forgets that co-ops don't exist apart from the members, that a co-op can do only what its members want done. This comment should be addressed to the people, urging them to get a move on and organize themselves co-operatively to finance, market, process and do all the other things that the "integrators" are supposedly doing. A co-operative can only go as far as the people want to go.

There is another point which gives us concern. A certain man says to us: "The co-op has to go the whole way. It will have to own the hogs." (This was suggested recently in connection with the co-operative abattoir to be built in Nova Scotia).

Perhaps a marketing co-operative could succeed in the business of producing farm products — hogs, broilers, fowl; it could certainly have the advantages of large-scale operation. But is this a proper function for such a co-op-

erative? Doesn't a marketing co-operative exist to help the members with their marketing problems by doing things no individual producer can do? Since a marketing co-operative collectively sells the result of the members' labour, what will there be left for the members when the co-operative takes over the labour function? Surely a co-operative is out of step if it begins competing with its members by producing on its own.

If co-operative production is the answer, then let's establish co-operative farms (with or without land) in which the owners do the work and share the proceeds. Or let's organize labour co-partnership enterprises in which the owners pay themselves wages and share the profits. Neither method is unknown.

But let us have no more loose talk about the need for marketing co-operatives (or producer marketing boards) going into production at the primary level as an answer to "vertical integration". A church selling liquor to help pay the clergyman's salary would be no more inconsistent than, for example, a co-operative meat-packing plant going into the production of hogs to make money by competing with its own members.

Ernest Page

THE SWEET DISORDER OF THE FEMALE MIND

Dear Mr. Green:

We like the new magazine a lot and a couple of our friends have subscribed to it since seeing mine.

The only criticism I have is that it seems to be giving a little too much space to the women and most of that is of a type a man will pass over pretty quickly.

I realize however, how foolish it would be for an editor to try to argue them into less space. And in connection with the futility of arguing with a woman about anything, I'd like to tell you the story to illustrate what I mean.

Fascinated by the way his wife's mind works, an uneasy husband we know has given us this example of what he has to be on guard against:

They have a 1957 car. A dealer has offered them \$2,000 for it toward a \$3,000 1958 model, leaving only \$1000 to be paid for the new car. That also happens to be the same amount they still owe the finance company on their present car. The wife is convinced they can get the new car clear without paying out one extra cent.

"It's simple," she has explained to her husband, over and over again.

"We tell the man we accept the deal. He gives us \$2,000 and we give him our car. We go to the finance company and pay off the balance. Then we take the other \$1,000 to the dealer. He has our \$2,000 car and the \$1,000 in cash and we walk out with a new car. It hasn't cost us a cent. We don't even owe the finance company anything.

"Honestly, Harry, I don't understand why you keep looking at me like that."

Alfalfa Ed.
Compton, Co.

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CREDIT — FRIEND OR ENEMY?

By LES YOUNG

Credit has much in common with fire. It is a most useful servant but a terrible master. As with fire, certain precautions should be taken when using it.

With new federal farm credit legislation expected during this session of Parliament, there would be little point in a review of available farm credit. However, there are some considerations about farm credit which are not only pertinent now, but will remain so regardless of what credit system we have in the future. A look at these may help to evaluate whatever credit policy the government does introduce.

The purpose of farm credit should be to make those farms which it serves into profitable operations. In terms of the family farm, then credit should either maintain a reasonable standard of living for the family or raise the standard to what is acceptable.

If we accept this as the object of farm credit, then we should beware of too soft a credit policy. Credit should be extended to only those farms units which will be able to produce *most* efficiently by using it. This means that not

all farms, with their *present* combination of land and other resources, should have credit.

In most, if not all cases, sound applications of credit to a farm will bring forth more produce. If a farm credit policy should be too soft, then Canada would shortly have huge surpluses, assuming, which we must, that demand for food will increase only about as rapidly as our population. The agricultural community, and in fact the Canadian society, must recognize that for some years to come technological and scientific advances will be such that fewer and fewer farms will be able to meet the Canadian market demand for food under normal conditions. No matter how much we may not wish to, we must face the fact that there are now more farmers in Canada than are good for Canada or good for themselves.

This may seem like a hard statement, but if we must have fewer farmers, it is surely kinder and to their advantage that they should at least be debt-free when they leave the land rather than debt-ridden. And, if they lack credit, they may be encouraged to

quit farming earlier and seek a better living elsewhere. Society should help these people but not by providing them with more credit.

How do we determine who is eligible for credit and who isn't? This is not an easy question. It will probably never be answered to everyone's satisfaction. However, it should depend on the uses to which the credit is to be put and upon the applicant.

What system would be most beneficial? Undoubtedly the best credit system we could have would be a type of flexible "package deal" whereby a farmer could consolidate all his debts with one agency. Properly implemented, such a system could bring about more co-operation between the farmer and agency.

As for what type of credit is most needed, Quebec Farm Forums recently suggested that the two most pressing problems are the provision of adequate credit to enable young farmers starting out and the lack of suitable "intermediate" credit. Lochaber Forum in Papineau suggested that land
(Continued on page 15)

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
gives a

Report to the Province



The "brass" of the Quebec Pomological Society; Nolasque April, vice president; Hamilton Marshall, president; and Jacques Berthiaume, secretary.



The lost sheep returns? W. J. Tawse and Quebec Director of Horticultural Services got their heads together at the Pomological meeting. Rumour has it they were discussing Bill's return to the department after an absence of 14 years.

What's Wrong With Quebec Apple Industry?

When the Pomological Society gathers heads these days, it has many a trying problem to discuss.

By RAY ABBEY

A MATHEMATICS teacher must have it rather easy. He asks a question, and there's only one correct answer.

That is not the case with everybody. Ask a politician a question and you might get a lot of words, but no answer. Ask a Quebec apple grower "What's wrong with the apple industry?" and you'll get more answers that there are growers.

So you can imagine that W. H. Marshall, president of the Pomological Society longed for the simple life of a mathematician, whose problems are straight-forward and to the point, when he guided the discussion on the vital question at the annual meeting of the Society in January. He got plenty of answers, but it is still a question whether they add up.

Hamilton Marshall's position was

all the more difficult because the answers came at him in two languages. It is doubtful whether anyone could have coped with the situation, or whether the discussion would still be going on if alert members of the society hadn't decided to install a system of simultaneous translation. No matter who or where you sat at this two day convention there was a set of earphones handy, and if the orator happened to be French speaking, his words came out of the earphones in English — and vice versa. The man in the middle — making the translation from French to English and English to French — was Dr. Jean David of Macdonald College and it is to his credit that he finished in a dead heat with the last speaker on the last day of a wordy and heated two day session.

It is not that he had the final answer, or represented a majority of opinions, but Sheman Yaphe struck a few sympathetic chords with his answer to the question what is wrong with the apple industry? Sheman is a fruit wholesaler in Montreal. Referring to his trade he said, "a wholesaler is no more than a clarified cartage agent, who distributes, guarantees and finances his produce." Being a "middleman" perhaps his observations are worth noting.

Yaphe opened with the need for a large scale advertising and publicity campaign to sell more Quebec apples. The trend is such that the housewife gives preference to a highly advertised product.

Noting that Quebec growers had subscribed little more than a thousand dollars toward advertising their produce nationally, Yaphe

uggested that a million dollars not all out of the grower's pocket) would be closer to requirements. He had a suggestion to make on where some of this money could come from, besides the government.

Touching on the question of marketing he said, "In Quebec we have no legislation for proper containers and packages to market our product. The cooperatives are doing a fair job, but we still have to cope with the independent grower, who does not belong to a cooperative. On the whole, he is not too reliable. He will depress the market by underselling the cooperative, not only in price, but quality as well.

"Our class of grading in Quebec is very poor. Our inspection staff is fair. We have a few top men, but no school to train other inspectors to cope with these situations. To keep up with all this legislation, we need a well schooled staff of inspectors free from political interference. To get such men, the government must pay a man a good living salary so he can take an active interest in the trade, and make a progressive business man of him."

To ensure uniform quality, and grade of apples Yaphe suggested that independent growers should have to become licensed or have their apples packed in a licensed packing house to establish respon-



Dr. Jean David of Macdonald College translated in both directions for the affair. From his cosy corner behind a sheet of plastic, he digested each speech sentence by sentence, and fed a translation of it into an ear-phone system.

sibility for the pack.

"This will eliminate unfair competition from growers and peddlers selling second grade produce in order to depress a healthy market," he said.

The wholesaler then went on to accuse the growers of letting their product go too cheaply.

"Selling apples at \$1.00 or \$1.25 per bushel is absolute nonsense, because the public does not get advantage of these low prices, which is approximately three cents a pound. The housewife does not pay five cents per pound for the apples. She does not get apples in

any chain store under ten of fifteen cents a pound. So, why give these chain stores a mark-up of three to four hundred percent? In other words, when they get a good apple they make the public pay for it.

"The chain store is most hungry for money," he said. "If they can import an apple for twenty-five cents under the local market value they will do it to increase their profit. They spend millions of dollars a year on advertisements to lure customers into their stores. How much of this do they give to local producers? None."

World's Record Ayrshire



WORLD'S RECORD AYRSHIRE

A Special Certificate was presented by the Ayrshire Breeders' Association at their Annual Meeting to the owners of Hammonds Top Primrose when she completed her World's Record.

Douglas Ness (on the left) and Mitchell Ness of Burnside Farms, R. R. Ness & Sons are seen admiring the certificate.

Hammonds Top Primrose established a World's Record in milk production for senior 2 year olds with her yield of 17,385 lbs. milk, 717 lbs. fat, 4.12% in 305 days and 19,455 lbs. of milk, 826 lbs. fat, 4.25% in 365 days.

TREE TRIMMING

Here are eight graphic lessons on the timely subject of pruning. Study them carefully and you can convince the neighbours that you are a tree surgeon.

By GEORGE CASLOW



SEALING — Large cavity in tree, caused by storm, is covered with tree tar. Substance is used to cover all open cuts and splits, to prevent leakage of sap.



CUTAWAY — Powerful saw helps prune away unsightly branch wounds and large diseased sections.



LIMBECTOMY — Diseased or weak branches should be removed from trees. Note that tree pruner is safely propped against tree trunk as he saws off limb ahead of him.



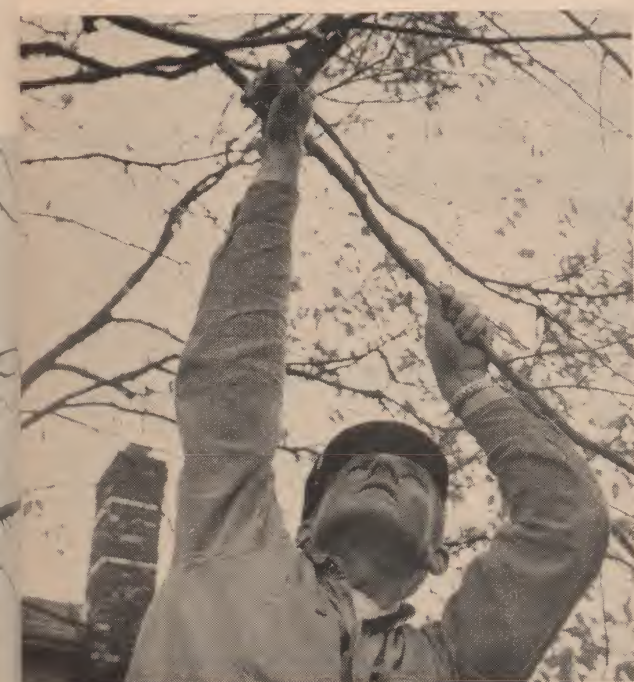
SAFETY FIRST — Perched on ladder and safely braced, gardener saws far-out limb with long-handled pruning saw.



FRUITFUL CUT — Small branch of blossoming cherry bush was growing toward ground, so was marked for removal.



UNSAFE PRACTICE — Pruner should avoid putting foot in crotch as shown. He risks wedging shoe in joint so tightly that should he slip, his foot might be caught and broken.



TRIMMING — By cutting off minor branches, gardener keeps tree from developing a scraggly appearance.



LONG SAW — Long-handled tree pruner is good for cutting off lowest tree branches, also for pulling off tiny twigs.

COOPERATIVE FEDEREE SETS NEW RECORD

Les Young

Tremendous growth marked the operations of La Coopérative Fédérée de Québec during 1958. Total sales jumped from \$78,000,000 last year to \$95,100,000 or by almost 22%. Sales were more than twice that of ten years ago! They were made up as follows: farm supplies accounted for 33%, livestock and meats made up 34% and dairy and other farm products contributed 33%. Net earnings, before income tax and patronage refunds, amounted to \$822,730. About \$700,000 was returned in patronage refunds.

Raynald Ferron, General Manager, told the 1,000 farmers at the annual meeting that most of the increase in total sales came about through an increase in the volume of business. He pointed out that the increase in volume is greater than the increase in agricultural production in the province which means that the Central Co-op and local co-operatives are marketing and processing a greater amount of our agricultural production.

The Fédérée has abattoirs at Princeville and Quebec and recent-

ly completed one at Montreal. It has a Feeds Division and a Machinery Division — it is the only distributor of Oliver machinery in Quebec — and recently established a Petroleum Products Division. Although this division has only been in operation for about 4 months, its sales of petroleum products to farmer-members have exceeded all expectations.

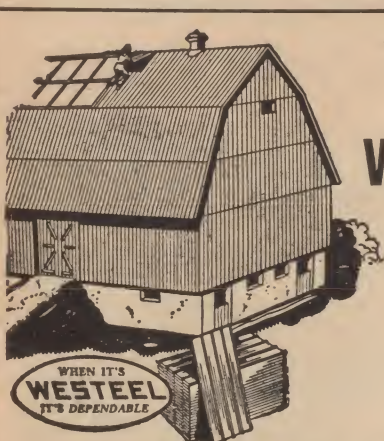
Commenting on the expansion of the services of the Fédérée and local co-ops, Mr. Romeo Martin, Assistant General Manager, pointed out the increasing need for them. He said that, in the period 1951 to 1957, the price of farm products in Quebec declined by 15%. At the same time, in the same period, cost of farm supplies and services advanced by 11%. He emphasized that in view of this producers would have to work on two fronts if they wished to stay alive — prices received for products and the cost of production.

The annual report showed that Quebec's agricultural co-ops are changing. Since 1948 one out of five has merged with a neighbouring co-op. This results in a stronger unit which can serve district farmers more efficiently and is capable of providing more varied services. Although farmers are be-

coming fewer, co-op members are increasing and now one out of two Quebec farmers is a co-op member.

The evolution in co-operatives is similar to that of vertical integration in farming stated the President, Adelard Bellemare. He warned co-operators that they must adapt their co-operatives to changing conditions. "In the co-operatives, operations are getting more specialized just as well as on the farms in both domains of livestock and crops. To maintain his net income at a satisfactory level, the producer is compelled to increase his production and his cash income, since the cost of commodities and services are rising. Our co-operatives, which are in fact the extension of our farms, must adapt themselves to changing conditions; they must endeavour, within their own means, to master new applications of the so-called mass production techniques, which lead to accelerated developments not always adjusted to the needs of the market. When I say this, I have especially in mind vertical integration."

Mr. Bellemare, Yamachiche, was re-elected President of the Fédérée and Mr. Omer Deslauriers, Granby, was re-elected Vice-president.



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**LA COOPÉRATIVE FÉDÉRÉE
DE QUÉBEC**

IS THE BEST MEDIUM

TO SELL FARM PRODUCTS

AND BUY FARM SUPPLIES

(Continued from page 9)

CREDIT — FRIEND OR ENEMY?

might be obtained under a "perpetual mortgage" plan. Although fairly new to Canada, this has been practised in Denmark. It should be feasible to develop a similar plan in Canada that would satisfy some credit needs.

"Intermediate" credit will gradually assume greater importance for farmers. Investment in stock and machinery as compared to that in land and labour, is increasing and likely will continue to do so. It is fair to say, as the Farm Forums do, that this is the greatest trouble spot in the farm credit picture today. In some cases farmers are allowed only enough credit to get them into trouble; in others they are allowed too much.

How can the situation be corrected? O'Neils Corners Forum in Huntingdon have supplied a good answer. They suggest that there should be a qualified advisory or consultant service available from which a farmer could request advice on whether he needs a loan and if so what size of loan he should have. This implies a complete survey of the farm operation and should result in the wisest and most efficient use of credit. It would mean that the farmer would know how and why he wished to use the loan. Regardless of who supplies the advisory or consultant service — be it the loan agency, a professional farm consultant, or a farm management association, as long as the consultant is reasonably well qualified — the loaning agency should have a sufficiently flexible policy to make the recommended loan. Such a system assures adequate credit for the purpose at hand.

Supervised credit is not a new idea although it has been practised but little. Many Farm Forums seem to favour some supervision although they readily admit that in most cases advice would be more acceptable from the farmer point of view and just as useful. About supervision, W. J. Parker, President of Manitoba Pool Elevators says: "One might ask why supervised credit is thought desirable today when pioneer agriculture did not require this type of supervision. I think the answer is that farming has become a very highly capitalized and technical enterprise... (a farmer) is required to be competent in the

(Continued on page 29)

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BAD NEWS FOR THISTLES

By RAY ABBEY

When the opening rounds are fired in the weed war this year, farmers will have some brand new ammunition to throw at some age-old enemies. As a result of further triumphs in the chemical laboratory, these age-old enemies are in for a few surprises. They have lost some of that security on which their reputation is based.

Many bad actors have enjoyed life to the full because farmers were cautious about spraying grain seeded down to legumes like alfalfa and clovers. When using 2,4-D and MCP under these conditions, the farmer just couldn't apply them in sufficient strength to knock out all his enemies without jeopardizing his friends the legumes as well. What the farmer wanted was a safer chemical for legumes.

Canada thistle has always enjoyed a certain sense of security whenever it could get a foothold in a pasture, or a field of canning peas. This stubborn individual knows from experience that the farmer can't get him out of situations like that short of up-rooting the whole field.

With the introduction of the "butyrics" this year, a lot of weeds have lost a lot of promise for a long life. The new chemicals, butyric forms of 2,4-D and MCP, and designated 2,4-DB and MCPB are safe to use on many important legumes. Furthermore they can be used in sufficient strength to wipe out a wider variety of weeds in the crop.

2,4-DB is recommended for weed control in grain seeded down to alfalfa, ladino and white clover. MCPB is preferred where grain is seeded down to red clover; where Canada thistle is a problem in established pastures or canning pea crops, also for weed control in celery.

A friend asked Paddy how much his pig cost him. "A pound," said Paddy.

"And how long did you have him?" the friend asked.

"Oh, about a year," answered Patrick.

"How much did you sell the beast for," the friend asked.

"A pound," said Paddy.

"Then you didn't make any money, did you?" the friend concluded.

"No," admitted Paddy. "But I had the company of the pig."

MCPB knocked out thistles in background in grain seeded down to red clover.

2, 4-DB took the thistles out of the alfalfa at right.

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MASTER FEEDS

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Burying Your Troubles Two Feet Under

Draining with tile is not a cheap operation. But it may be even more costly to leave your field as it is.

By ART CALDWELL

ONE of the major reasons for unsatisfactory crop yields is lack of drainage in agricultural soils.

This need is evident by a wet and spongy surface, by the presence of rushes and other inferior herbage, by the stunted and sickly appearance of growing crops and by the presence of pools of water and dark coloured damp patches on cultivated fields. Wet land may be unable to bear the weight of machinery or the stocking by farm animals without serious damage to soil structure. Moreover, wet land is slow to warm up.

When drainage has been properly carried out, soils are more easily and sooner worked, enabling arable crops to be grown where in some cases only grass was possible before. The water is carried away from the surface layers of the soil allowing air to enter the pore spaces and plant roots to extend downwards. Poor herbage in pasture land quickly disappears and is replaced by superior grasses and by white clover. Even in very dry years drained land gives better results than does undrained land because the plant roots are so much better developed. The action of micro-organisms is stimulated and consequently there is a more rapid release of plant food. Lime and manure act better and more quickly and certain parasites of live stock are reduced.

Field drains may be open ditches or covered tiles or a combination of both. Open drains are less desirable as they occupy land that might otherwise bear a crop, interfere with cultivation, harbour weeds and are costly in upkeep. In practice most systems of farm drainage are a network of covered field drains leading to one or two ditches which flow into a natural waterway.

When rainfall exceeds evaporation and water accumulates, the soil becomes saturated and the water table rises. When the soil contains more water than it can hold against the force of gravity this excess of water is carried away by the drains. Water enters tiles at joints.

The depth and frequency of drains are arranged to remove the



The modern tile laying machine will undoubtedly assume new importance as we are forced to reclaim bogs and other low lying marginal lands.

water as effectively as possible at a minimum of cost and an efficient and economic method of digging these drains is therefore essential. The distance between drains is determined by the texture of the soil. Clay soils drain more slowly than coarser texture soils and therefore the drains must be closer together. The depth of the drains depends on the rate of percolation and in heavy clays they will not act with sufficient rapidity unless they are spaced comparatively near the surface (normally $2\frac{1}{2}'$ $3'$). On the other hand, drains may be placed at a greater depth in light soils because the "draw" is greater in an open textured soil.

The gradient of the drains is as much as conditions will allow but on steep slopes drains are normally laid obliquely across the slope which is the most effective way of intercepting water. In practice the normal minimum gradient is about 1 in 250. The fall of the drains must be uniform and a careful joint must be constructed at any junction between lines of drains.

The tiles used in drainage are normally 4" internal bore with 6" tiles laid for the main drains.

The actual system of drainage is usually prepared by a survey

team who follow either (1) a natural system, where a line of tiles with a few branches follows the natural outlets from higher to lower levels, (2) an intercepting system where an oblique line of tiles is laid to catch water seeping from higher to lower and remove it before it reaches the surface, or (3) a parallel system where parallel lateral tile lines discharging into main drains carry the water to some natural waterway. The skill of the survey team in designing a suitable system has a great bearing on the efficiency of the whole system.

The normal practice is that a level survey is made and pegs driven in marked with their own individual level. The locations of the drains are then planned and marked out and a sketch is prepared for the trench digger operators from which they can work. The drain tiles are then carried on to the land and laid in convenient rows along the lines of the proposed drains.

Bearing in mind all the necessities and principles of agricultural drainage the modern trench digger was designed and developed over a period of many years.

From the above general principles it will be realised that any suitable drainage machine must

cut to a depth normally required and to a width to accommodate the pipes in normal use without however, excavating unnecessary soil which would be a waste of power and effort. The Howard Trench Digger is self-propelled and driven from a special half-tracked tractor whose tracks are particularly suitable for keeping a steady level. The depth of the trench can be adjusted to a maximum of 48" and the width varied from 7" to 10" in order to accommodate varying sizes of pipes. The machine is operated by one man who, from his position alongside the cutting rotor, can completely control the steering, the Clutch and the hydraulic grading of the machine. Basically the machine consists of a large rotor fitted with specially designed cutting blades driven in an opposite direction to the forward motion of the tractor. This rotor is raised or lowered hydraulically and carries the soil upwards to a point where it is removed to one side leaving a neat line of spoil on the right side of the machine some 9" from the trench. Heavy front wheels counterbalance the weight of the digger and an adjustable crumbler is fastened on the rear of the rotor to ensure a clean bottom to the trench leaving only sufficient crumb to keep the pipes properly bedded.

Cutting blade tips are replaceable by welding to the blade bodies and angled or square tips are supplied for different types of soil encountered.

The grading when carried out by an experienced operator gives immense accuracy and is well within the standards required, no matter how uneven the surface of the field may be. A pipe layer attended by a second man and fastened to the rear of the crumbler enables digging and pipe laying to be carried out in one operation. The spoil is deposited for very easy back filling and by virtue of the design and balance the machine can work in extremely wet conditions without being bogged.

The machine is of course, highly suitable for cable and small water main laying where accurate grading is relatively unimportant and in these cases very high speeds can be achieved. The actual speed of work varies with the depth of the trench and the type of soil as well as the experience of the operators. There are six working speeds available to suit any soil condition. Normal working

speeds are from 300-600 ft. per hour, but in estimating any particular scheme allowances must be made for the time spent in driving the machine from one trench to another and the construction of silt basins and out falls, etc. It is possible for an experienced operator to keep within a tolerance of $\frac{1}{4}$ " in level under reasonably good conditions.

A stone hook is positioned to clear large stones which may be brought up by the rotor but of course when boulders are encountered wider than the width of the trench, the machine must be lifted over them and they must be dug out by hand.

The introduction of such machines has enormously increased the amount of drainage that can now be economically carried out. A small mechanised team can rapidly drain land which before took many weeks of manual labour and thus leave the ground free for the farmers use in the shortest possible time. A contractor's outfit would normally consist of a tractor and low-load trailer as well as the trench digger. The tractor and trailer would transport the digger from site to site more rapidly than on its own tracks and would be used at other times for the transportation of clinker and pipes for the drainage operation.

The trench digger would work systematically from the drainage plan and when these drains are to flow into open ditches, the digger is backed up to the ditch, the rotor lowered to the required depth and a trench cut clean into the ditch bank. Grading is carried out by means of sighting rods which are set to the correct levels across the field. The pipes are normally laid as the trench is cut and the trench filled clinker to within 20" of the surface. This clinker or other suitable material keeps the soil open, allowing the water to reach the pipe and preventing silt from forming.

Special tiles are normally used at the discharge points into the open ditches since ordinary porous tiles may be broken by the action of frost. The last tile should be cemented into a brick or concrete foundation which cannot be undermined by running water, and a grating fastened over the end in order to prevent entrance of vermin.

On completion of the laying of the pipes and clinker the trenches are back filled with an angle blade on a tractor and frequently



Once a backbreaking job requiring weeks of labor, today's operation has been vastly simplified by modern power machinery.

in drainage schemes a field is then mote-ploughed across the lines of the tile drains at a depth just above the level of the tiles, in such a way the excess moisture is rapidly removable from the field and in fact on most fields water is pouring from the pipes before the first 300 feet of work has been completed.

Only a farmer whose land has been properly drained can appreciate the tremendous benefit that has been produced and it is largely thanks to the coming of new machines that these schemes are now being carried out at such an economic rate.

SLIMY SIGNATURE

"Recently a large body of slugs and snails have assaulted the postal facilities of Hemyock, a village of much charm and beauty near the Somerset border . . . The Post Office has taken strong action to meet the situation. On every slug-chewed letter received there is a printed form explaining that it has been chewed by a slug."

Alan Gibson speaking in the BBC Home Service about slugs and snails that have been crawling into post boxes in the west of England.

The Country Lane

SPRING ON THE FARM

The mixed emotions which I hold this spring
Grow from the farm's offense
Of tracking muddy footprints where the inward eye
Supposes dreams but finds that commonsense

Will be more use to me out in the slush,
The wet March cold,
Where I hang my breathy wreaths of flowering sweat,
Trying to get the mare inside before her colt is foaled.

I know the sap is running, the maple trunks
Shine black as mud
Where I am spreading straw to give her footing
And get her to the barn, like all flesh and blood

I'm a fool in some ways, but I know that spring
Comes down to this:

For me, O Lord, the chores, always the chores of birth,
Calves, pigs and colts with the kittens on their own
And the chickens in my lap, as frost heaves from earth
And skies drip down, and patience and pain are sisters.
I gawk in relief at a rippling wedge of geese —
The farm isn't always like this, but today it is.

by James Hearst.

TO A WHITE COLLAR MAN DYING YOUNG

Existing only
in idle conversation,
Andrew Smathers, straphanger
to the manner born,
burns briefly in the mind
and then goes out
upon the town. He holds
his briefcase as a shield.

At five his form dissembles
in the city streets;
imbedded in the asphalt we find
his narrow bones: genus ulcerus.

Though long dead Smathers
goes to work each morning
on the tram.
A townsman of the shrillest town;
yet, only in faint dreams
do they call his name.

by L. W. Michaelson.

A TIME TO TALK

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, "What is it?"
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

— Robert Frost



THE WAY AND NOTHING MORE

The sign post says three miles to town,
But not come on or keep away
Or how a stranger fares; the lineal fact
Is all it has to say.

So are the bounds not overstepped
Of useful function, unadorned
By promise or opinion: he who reads
Is neither bid nor warned.

For such, the wise wayfarer knows,
Were all that ought to be expected;
The safer that he lay no claim beyond
His right to be directed.

Who looks within himself has looked
Upon the shape of things in store:
And is himself well served who has required
The way and nothing more.

John V. Hicks

DESIGN

I found a dimpled spider, fat and white,
On a white heal-all, holding up a moth
Like a white piece of rigid satin cloth —
Assorted characters of death and blight
Mixed ready to begin the morning right,
Like the ingredients of a witches' broth —
A snow-drop spider, a flower like froth,
And dead wings carried like a paper kite.

What had that flower to do with being white,
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
What brought the kindred spider to that height,
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?
What but design of darkness to appall? —
If design govern a thing so small.

— Robert Frost.

A PATCH OF OLD SNOW

There's a patch of old snow in a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.

It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten —
If I ever read it.

— Robert Frost

Fox in the Henyard

After the thrill of the hunt came the kill. And after that, the silent thoughts of maturity.

By JOHANN CARLSEN

HE came downstairs early that morning because he was vaguely aware that some sort of excitement in the barnyard had been nibbling away at the edges of his sleep, and when he got into the kitchen where his mother was stirring the porridge pot, he saw right away that she had been crying.

"What's wrong?" he asked quietly.

His mother blew her nose and jammed a stick of poplar into the cookstove. "There's been something at my chickens," she said. "Chickens strewn all over the place this morning. Didn't leave me more than half of them!"

The boy said "Geze!" and shot out through the back door before he had settled all the way into his shoes.

Back of the chicken house a couple dozen variously mutilated chickens lay in a pile, and his father, the hired man and the colliere were out in the long grass looking for more.

"A fox for sure," the hired man was saying. "Bloodthirstiest critters God ever let live."

"I shouldn't have locked the dog up last night," his father said.

And the boy, looking at the butchery and thinking of his mother back at her stove trying not to cry about the winter coats these chickens were to have bought for the girls, tightened his fists in his denim pockets and thought, "Why the dirty, lowdown streak of misery!! I'm going to get him if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"Too bad the Almighty wasted so much brains on such vermin," the hired man said as he threw another body on the pile.

His father said, "Better take the heads off the ones that aren't torn too bad. I think they'll still bleed enough so we can eat them."

"I'll borrow some traps," the boy thought tightly. I'll borrow every trap on the sideroad. And if I can't get him that way I'll find his hole and dig him out. I'll dig him out if I have to drill half way to China to do it!"

Suddenly a new idea took hold of him. "I wonder if dad would let me have the rifle," he thought.

It made him shiver a little just to think of that.

"It's only when they've got young ones that they play hob with a whole flock like this," the hired man went on. "The country must be getting lousy with foxes these days."

His father took one of the slain birds, stepped on its head and pulled the body free. "Yes, they bleed pretty good yet," he said. "Here lad, take a few of these up to the back porch and after breakfast maybe you can help your

mother pluck them."

So he went up to the house again and laid an armful of chickens on the porch table. His mother's face was still grim and his two kid sisters who were up now, were pulling their clothes on with unusual quiet.

"She's been checking girl things out of that mail order catalog for over a month now," the boy thought. "If it was for herself, this probably wouldn't have fizzed on her at all. But it was going to be for the girls."



He turned his face toward the house and yelled at the top of his lungs, "Come here! Come here, everybody!"

He went over to the wash basin to wash up for breakfast, and when she came near enough he said, "Don't worry about it, Mom. I'll lend you some of my peach picking money. And I'm going to get that fox too. See if I don't."

But he didn't get up the nerve to ask about the rifle until after breakfast. Then when they were out in the barnyard and his father was backing the mare up to the stoneboat, he said, "Dad, if I was to get up in the morning while it was still dark, and if I was to wait in the henhouse, I think I could get that fox. If you'd let me have the rifle."

The hired man began to laugh a little. "Maybe you don't know how smart a fox is," he said.

Defensively, the boy said, "They always come just at dawn, don't they? That's what you said yourself! And this one's got to come back if he's going to pick up those dead chickens, won't he?"

"Been having trouble with foxes off and on for forty years," his father told him as he tightened the bellyband. "And I never outsmarted one yet."

The boy turned his back on the hired man. "I'd like to try. I'm eleven now."

His father took off his sweaty fedora and slapped a horse fly from the mare's flank. "You ever shoot out of that rifle before?"

"You — you never let me," the boy said, blushing. "But — but"

"But you've been sneaking it out anyhow." His dad squinted his eyes to look up at the lightning rods up on the ridge of the barn. The bulb on one of the rods was only half there. "I often wondered how come the lightning could bust a bulb and never blacken it," he mumbled, clicking to the mare.

The boy jumped onto the stoneboat and they rode off leaving the hired man getting ready to load manure. "I'll be careful," he said.

His father scratched up under his hat and then looked off over the smoky fields. "I'll give you one bullet," he said. "Just one. Second shots are nearly always mixed up with excitement. They're dangerous. I'll give you one bullet and don't bother telling your mother."

He could have hugged his father or turned a somersault, but he kept his face straight and all he said was, "Thanks. I'll be careful." And when they got out to the field to pick stones he fell to work with such a vehemence that his father had to tell him to take it easy.

He took a clock to bed that night

but he didn't set the alarm. He knew he would wake up in time and he didn't want to waken his mother. He hid the rifle under a raincoat in the cellarway, and the bullet which his dad slipped to him under the table at supper, he kept beneath his pillow.

The first time he woke it was 11.30. He woke again about one, and from then on it seemed that he was picking the clock off the floor every half hour. At four, he got up and dressed and took the bullet from beneath his pillow. He went down the stairs hanging to the wall to keep the creak out of his steps, got his rifle, and called the dog in from the sheepmat outside the kitchen door. The dog looked up at him and set up a little

ADVERTISING DEADLINE APRIL 1st. 1959

whine of protest, but the boy motioned for silence and set the door firmly between them. Let the dog out and it would spoil everything.

Outside he tried to wait until his eyes became accustomed to the dark, but the pressure of the cold and the excitement wouldn't let him stay still for long. He moved out beyond the wake of the house and slowly swung around to see which way the wind was drifting. What there was of it was west.

A fox could smell a man a mile away if you didn't keep upwind, the hired man had told him, so he began to circle way around to the east of the henhouse, and his feet began to have trouble with unexpected stones and hollows. The geese were nested up at the foot of the orchard and the boy almost blundered into them too before he saw the white throat of the gander on guard and backed off. It would have been a sad thing indeed if they had started to holler.

But finally the long, low shadow of the henhouse came up before him, and once inside, some of the tension drained out of him. From now on the hardest part was the waiting.

The henhouse windows had once been part of an old church, and when his father had worked them into this building, he had never been able to fit glass into the parts curved to make the peak. In the

winter these were carefully covered with two ply of grain sacking, but now in August there was nothing here but wire netting, and it was at one of these that the boy took up his post. Beyond that window lay the open field in which the morning's massacre had taken place, and two of the dead birds were still out there.

"All right," the boy said to himself, "come again, you yellow streak of misery! Come any old time you like now!"

Stiffness and cold came with the wait. The sky turned gray in the east and the hens on the roosts behind him began to mutter. After awhile the cough of a recently awakened motor drifted up from the distant sideroad and the boy thought, "That's Herb Prentice starting out to the city with the egg truck. It's five o'clock."

The ground which the boy was watching finally began to take shape and grass bunches and stones began to climb out of the dark. So did the bodies of the dead chickens. Then there came one startling moment when he thought that he could see the fox. He was so certain of it that he poked the muzzle of his rifle through the netting and drew a bead on it. Then he remembered that he had but one bullet, and he took his finger off the trigger. It would have been a heart-breaking disaster if he hadn't for the coming of a little more light melted the fox into a chokecherry bush.

He rubbed his eyes and slackened his nerves. "He won't come yet anyhow," he decided. "Not for any old dead stuff. He'll come when the chickens first start flocking out into the yard and not before."

A rooster split the silence with such a terrifying burst of crowing that the boy almost pulled the trigger again. "Crow another time," he said afterward. "Go ahead. Maybe that will bring him."

But the rooster crowed twice more and there was still no sign of the fox. "No," the boy concluded, "that fox'll probably not come a step till he smells fresh meat scratching in the henyard."

A sudden impulse came to him then and he pulled his rifle out of the window, leaned it in the corner and went back to the roost where he worked his hand cautiously along till he had the rooster by the legs. Then he lifted the offended bird clear, came front again and shoved the bird through one of the little trapdoors which led

(Continued on page 30)



The Better Impulse

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF QUEBEC



OFFICE HAPPENINGS

AS you will see by the writeup of the recent Board Meeting, several things of interest were discussed. One thing you will be hearing more about of course is the Jubilee celebration for 1961. Your presidents will be giving you work to do in that connection.

We have seven members from Quebec to take the ACWW Tour to the Convention in Edinburgh. Our official delegate going from Canada will be Mrs. Ellard. Our other is Lady Nuttall, a former Canadian who resides in England and is very conversant with ACWW affairs. The voting delegates are Mrs. Ossington, Mrs. Abercrombie and Mrs. Geo. McGibbon; the accredited visitors Mrs. Pink and Mrs. N. Morrison. Mrs. A. Graham of Lachute and Mrs. Abercrombie's sister Mrs. Wier are also taking the trip.

NOTE: The Executive this year are asking that the counties make the arrangements for their visits to annual meetings and that the county presidents send the details to the QWI office — such as day, time, place of meeting and how to get there (train or bus). It is difficult to make the arrangements from the Office, as both bus and train schedules change. Following is the tentative schedule. Let the Executive member for your county visit know if the date is satisfactory — also let them know if you have any special topics you wish discussed.

Mrs. Harvey — Jacques Cartier & Vaudreuil Apr. 30, Chat.-Huntingdon May 1 (these two not definite yet); Pontiac May 6, Gatineau May 7; Papineau May 8; Argenteuil May 9; Bonaventure May 19; Gaspé May 23.

Mrs. Ellard — Megantic May 14; Quebec May 15.

Mrs. Ossington — Stanstead May 5; Sherbrooke May 6; Compton May 7; Missisquoi May 13; Rouville April 30.

Mrs. LeBaron — Rawdon May

7; Richmond May 9; Shefford May 12; Brome May 14.

The Montreal Council of Women are assembling a library of books of and about women. They are interested also in copies of articles, or speeches by prominent women. They emphasize that they do not expect you to go out and buy a book for this library, but they feel that in many homes are old and forgotten books that would be better in a library of this sort. If in Montreal the books may be left at the Windsor Hotel, marked MCW, Room 521, or they may be sent direct to Mrs. A. M. Reid, 12235 Somerset Rd., Cartierville, Montreal 9. It will be known as the Lady Aberdeen Memorial Library.

Please don't get discouraged. We still want pictures for the Journal, but in order to reproduce at all well they must be very clear. Action pictures and/or unposed ones are good — and they should be at least 4 inches across.

Mrs. Henderson, our song leader last year at the Convention, has chosen — by request — two songs which she would like the members to practice, so that when they come to the Convention they will 'make the rafters ring'. The songs are Beautiful Dreamer and John Peel. Also, if you have any favorites for singsongs at Convention time, please send the names to her.

Address: Mrs. G. C. Henderson, 27 Club Ave., Dorion, Que., Box 195.

Please note: There are a number of pamphlets overdue from the Loan Library.

* * *

Sign on winding highway:
"These curves are different; they get more dangerous after you pass 65."

SEMI-ANNUAL BOARD MEETING

By Glenna F. Taylor

THE Semi-Annual Board Meeting of the Quebec Women's Institutes was held on Feb. 6 and 7, at the YWCA in Montreal, with all but three counties represented.

The meeting was opened with Mrs. Harvey presiding. Following the repetition of the Clubwomen's Creed, a moment of silence was observed in memory of members deceased since the last meeting.

Mention was made of the change in Office personnel — Miss Holmes replacing Mrs. Taylor as secretary and the resignation of Miss Christie as demonstrator. Also that the QWI office is now situated in the Adult Education Dept. in Stewart Hall. Mrs. Ellard told of the presentation of a black morocco brief case to Mrs. Taylor and a vase of Canadian pottery to Miss Christie upon their resignations.

Reports were presented from the various directors and from the President telling of activities in their departments since the June Convention. From the QWI office we heard about the entries in the several competitions; Mrs. Turner, JWI Supervisor, told of the successful rally held at Lac St. Philippe; Mrs. David, Agriculture Convenor, told of contacts made in connection with Conservation; Mrs. Ossington is the new representative to CAC.

At this point, Mme. LeBeau, Secretary in the Dept. of Agriculture at Quebec, arrived and was welcomed by all present. Due to the illness of her sister in Quebec City, Mme LeBeau could only stay for a short time, but conveyed her willingness to assist in any way she could in the Women's Institute work.

Mrs. Taylor's interesting report on her visit to the Annual Convention of the Indian Homemakers' Clubs in August was read. Mention was also made that the cooking section of the Farm Journal is still being edited by Miss Christie. At 3.00 p.m. a joint meeting was held with representatives of

the Montreal Council of Women in attendance. The joint chairmen were Mrs. Hayes President of the Council and Mrs. Ellard of the QWI.

Several subjects were discussed which were of special interest to both groups. Pasteurization of milk — continuing support: Civil Defence — trying to make individuals more aware of the great need of education in this line, as the knowledge gained is not for wartime only, but any emergency: Declaration of Human Rights — several briefs were presented on the recent celebration: Succession Duties — a new estate act, as of Jan. 1, 1959, gives extra exemptions, but is not wholly satisfactory: Integration of the Indian-Canadian — more study and more interest needed. There must be no discrimination: Canadian Broadcasting Corporation — would like Canadian Broadcasts on Canadian stations and that when a Canadian broadcast is really good to let the Corporation know so that improvement can be made in the wanted programs: UNICEF and UNESCO — \$43,000 was raised by children of Quebec in 1958 by Hallowe'en Shell Out, as compared with \$972 in 1955. To date the QWI had sent in \$523.37 of this, with more to come in. 16,000 boxes of UNICEF cards were sold in Quebec: Highway Safety — the MCW have been working for more ambulance service in the city; the QWI is to receive an award from the Highway Safety League for work in bicycle safety: Conservation — more education needed to make this project worthwhile: Retarded but Trainable Children — There are now several schools in the Province already in operation, but the need for more was stressed: Study of the Aged — continuing study.

At 5.00 p.m. tea was served to the guests and members.

On Friday evening the financial report was given, followed by the reading of correspondence and the roll call.

In Mrs. Holmes report on the "Holiday Away from Home" project, she mentioned several locations where this might be established. As all reports had not been compiled she will give a more detailed report at a later date. Reporting on a "Home for the Aged", she said that the Wales Home has a waiting list of 200 and mentioned other homes which are equally filled.



Members of the Quyon Women's Institute taken during their short course in metal work. Left to right: Mrs. Wm. Reynolds, Mrs. H. Burke, Mrs. L. McCann, Mrs. F. Hutchison, Mrs. F. Fraser, Mrs. G. Peppard, Mrs. M. Bronson, and Mrs. C. Rhoades, a visitor from Peace River, Alberta.

Mrs. Turner, the JWI Supervisor, told of the rally held last summer at Lac Philippe, when 14 girls attended. She offered many suggestions for the girls' work and how they might raise money themselves for their organization. She also thought we should know more about the JWI work.

Mrs. Watson, Citizenship Convener, gave a fine report on the Celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights which she had attended in Montreal. "This", she said, "should have more study."

Mrs. Ossington read Mrs. Thomson's report from the CAC, which told among other things that a tax exemption for teen-age clothing is under study, also the tax on fuel oil.

It was pointed out to the members that not enough 'life-memberships' names had been submitted yet and asked that all names be sent to Mrs. Geo. Parsons in Bury at once.

Eleven quilt books, five songs, seven essays for FWIC and four essays for the ACWW contest have been received for entry in the current competitions. Prof. Avison had agreed to judge the essays on Citizenship.

Much work and research had

been done by Mrs. Palmer and plans are well underway for the "Jubilee Celebration of 1961". A narrator is to be used throughout wherever necessary. Counties named in the plans will be responsible for parts of the tableau. Singing for entertainment, costumes, banquet, souvenirs, publicity and so on will all be assigned to counties or individuals according to talent. Printed programs for the celebration are to be considered when all details are settled.

Notes of interest to QWI members: that Mrs. Ellard is planning to attend the ACWW Conference in Edinburgh as official delegate and Mrs. Ossington as a voting delegate; that Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Ellard and Mrs. Ossington attended a formal tea at the home of Lady Coomaraswamy in Ottawa on Ceylon Independence Day; that over \$1,000 has been donated to the Foundation Fund and that Mrs. Rand, FWIC President, is to be invited to attend the Convention in June. Also that a second microphone is to be purchased for convention hall.

All things considered, the semi-annual meeting proved to be successful with many items under discussion and all left with the thought of "Better Things Ahead".

OUR FAR AWAY SISTERS

FOLLOWING are parts of the letter from Dr. Rutnam thanking the FWIC for their letter of congratulations on her recent award...

"... Yes, I had a most interesting time in Manila. It is a beautiful city with Spanish style architecture. The people are highly educated — women as well as men. Many had their higher education in the USA and hold high positions.

The person who was responsible for the big Awards function and the tours we made was a young woman, Miss Helen Aboew. Everything went off so smoothly.

One function attended was a farewell luncheon for Mrs. T. Legarda, who has the honour of being the first woman ambassador from the Philippines to Vietnam. She is an outstanding woman with a fine personality. About 1,000 women attended.

The Philippines have a branch of the ACWW which they call the National Federation of Women's Clubs in the Philippines. Their motto is the same as ours. "For God, Country and Home". They are doing very fine work...

My best greetings to any Canadian friends who may remember me in the olden days.

I was born in Elora, Ont.; spent my girlhood from the age of three years in Kincardine, where my father (Mr. J. W. Irwin) had a grocery business. Later we moved to Clinton where I had my higher education and took up the study of medicine in Toronto.

While in my final year I had a call to Mission Work in North Ceylon and have spent about 60 years here.

Many experiences and opportunities have come my way — medical, mission work and domestic (four sons and one daughter).

Today, I do little outside social work — have time to rest and dream of past days, and pray for the future of our fair land."

(Signed)

Mary Rutnam

A little more on Mrs. de Mel's visit to Laos, mentioned in the last issue of the Journal.

Not many Canadian women know much about Laos, a country bordering Thailand in Asia, but we should learn something of it now, as they may soon have an affiliation with ACWW.

Mrs. de Mel says — "As I walked across the aerodrome I

saw a crowd of ladies with two photographers coming toward us. They were carrying garlands and bouquets of flowers in silver containers. I said to myself, "They've come to welcome some V.I.P." and wondered which of the passengers it was. Then I noticed Mrs. Senanikone and she ran and greeted me and I realized the warm welcome was all for me. I was deeply touched and continued to be so, as my whole visit was in that happy spirit."

Mrs. Senanikone is the President of the Laos Women's Association, which has branches in most of the provinces. With a three weeks old baby to mind, she was managing a school of over a thousand people. Her husband is in charge of a training project for young people. They are sent in teams of ten through the country to teach and show the villagers how to improve living conditions, making roads, drains, fences, protecting wells and treating minor ailments. The young women of the Association go out to teach sewing, cooking and especially nutrition. In one village Mrs. de Mel saw a trained girl working among 300 families. In addition to her classes in sewing and cooking, she had put up a temporary house and organized a school for the children.

Mrs. de Mel also visited Luang Prabang, the ancient capital, and home of the present King. The King's niece is Vice-President of the local Association and took Mrs. de Mel to see a group who were making gold jewellery.

It is in our terms a backward country with little transport and poor roads and few health services, but they are working hard to improve the lives of the people and, to quote Mrs. de Mel 'are longing for contact with and help from the outside world'.

... AND NEARER HOME

A FEW notes on activities in British Columbia.

Many communities are setting up schools for handicapped children.

A mobile unit service given by the Crippled Children's Hospital is sent out through the province to treat and bring young patients to the hospital. They also have Bunny Buses, which convey retarded and handicapped children to and from school. They are financed by Easter Seals and the Lions' Clubs.

Assistance to the aged is given by the Senior Citizens Ass'n. and by the Old Age Pensions Organization, this last having 73 branches in the Province.

One WI branch sent a resolution to the National Conference of FWIC, recommending that a program on mental health be encouraged at the National Convention. This resolution was also sent in to the Fed. Minister of Health and Welfare. His reply was that his department was giving a great deal of attention to the subject of mental health and that progress was being made but, he added "Unless there is intelligent understanding in the community of the problems presented by mental illness and a widespread interest in combatting them, the challenge it presents cannot be dealt with effectively."

TAKE INVENTORY NOW, SAYS QUEBEC

Taking inventory on the farm is an operation which consists of evaluating a farm and its equipment at a given date. Several methods of procedure are in use. In the main, your inventory will be comprised of the value of your land, your buildings, your tools, your farm machinery and your animals.

Aside from the machinery, almost everything has been constructed, re-built or raised on the farms. Hence, the estimate is easily arrived at by any man of the soil who keeps himself informed about current prices.

A good inventory is a certain indication to the land owner of where he is going financially speaking from one year to the next. It is the first step to take to establish an accounting system to detect the good and bad business practices of the year.

The best line of attack to take if you would do the job well, is to procure the book "La Comptabilite du Cultivateur". (So far this is printed in French only.) At least this is the advice of Mr. Nazaire Parent, of the Department of Agriculture at Quebec.

In making his inventory, the farmer must always remember that he should not guess about values, but should give the true value of the item at the time the inventory is taken. Do not let your pride make you over-estimate your worth, and do not let pessimism or fear of the tax collector make you exaggerate your losses.

TAMING A SQUIRREL

Could you ever come across a squirrel and decide to keep a pet, you will find that it only becomes tame. A young squirrel which has been handled from an early age loses all of humans. But, unlike a dog or cat, a squirrel will never be properly house-trained.

As it will pine if you keep it in a small cage, it is best to give it an attic, a box room or the loft of a stable or garage to live in. He it can romp about as much as he likes and if you provide a nesting box snugly lined with straw your pet will be quite happy in cold weather.

Of course, you can bring your squirrel indoors for a game now and then but don't leave it alone in a room. It is a mischievous and active little creature. In quite a short time it can do a lot of damage to curtains and furniture, so mention the ornaments on the mantelpiece. But in spite of this it is a lovable creature and affectionate, and in time it will learn to come when you call its name.

Squirrels eat all kinds of things and a varied diet is the best. Berries and nuts of all sorts, they like such as rose hips, berries and apples. They also enjoy biscuits and cake, bread and oatmeal, fast cereals, lettuce, tomato and cucumber.

They love a bit of meat now and again and both raw and cooked egg, and they will nibble happily at raw carrots and mushrooms. If you can find pine or fir cones gather some that are fresh

and give these to your pet. It will enjoy extracting the seeds.

Most tame squirrels also like milk and weak, sweet tea. If the weather is very cold they enjoy a little suet or fat in their diet.



Chipmunks, gophers and almost any member of the squirrel family will respond surprisingly quickly to the kindness and the hand that feeds them. In the U.S., the raising of flying squirrels as pets is a thriving hobby for some breeders.

MOTHER TRIES THE HULA HOOP

By A Correspondent

HULA hoops came late to our village, and I hoped that we might escape the craze. On the first day of school the children came tumbling in to bursting with the news. Sarah and Felicity and Eleanor had all got hula hoops, and my record was 227 and Felicity's mother was going to give her a dollar when she got up to

the setting the table I eavesdropped on a plot being perpetrated against my brother at the expense of her brother. He is the merce-

nary, hard-headed type, and still had some Christmas money left. Vivien's was long since exhausted. She proposed that David should fork out the necessary money, that she should mortgage her next week's allowance quarter as her contribution, and that they should then share the hoop. The gullible David agreed, and trotted off with her to make the purchase.

The performance began after supper in a blaze of good will. But within 10 minutes a storm blew up: "David, it's *my* turn, it's not fair, you said you'd share!" supper in a blaze of good will. But hastily I unearthened Vivien's piggy bank and sent her off happily bent to buy her own hoop.

Thereafter the pace became feverish. One afternoon I fell

Seizing a hoop I whirled it around my middle, flinging myself back and forth in a frenzy, but the thing obstinately refused to go into orbit. For 10 minutes I persevered, but invariably after two of three turns the hoop went clattering to the floor.

Undaunted, I tried again next day. But hardly had I raised my arms and swayed my hips than every muscle shrieked for mercy, and I had to acknowledge ignominious defeat.

As my daughter goes from strength to strength, my dream of hula-hooping my way to slimness fades. In my heart of hearts I know that to cut out the cakes and coffee is the only answer. It would make a practical Lenten penance.

The Month With The W.I.

ARGENTEUIL:

ARUNDEL saw films on South Africa; decided to make a book of quilt blocks for Tweedsmuir Competition. BROWNSBURG held a Grandmother's Night at which the Grandmothers provided the entertainment. DALESVILLE heard a talk on the founding and early history of that community. The roll call was to recite a poem. FRONTIER made a tour of Ayers, Limited. JERUSALEM-BETHANY heard a talk on Girl Guiding; are planning to make a quilt. UPPER LACHUTE-EAST END heard a report of a meeting of the Cancer Society; made plans for a card party.

BONAVENTURE:

BLACK CAPE heard a letter from Mrs. Robinson of the Tilney All Saints Institute, England telling of the activities of her branch and enclosing a book of programmes; sent two boxes of used clothing to U. N. C.; remembered a needy family; and members catered to the annual Artillery Ball. GRAND CASCAPEDIA remembered the shut-ins at Christmas; collected old Christmas cards for Scrap Books. They heard many new ideas from a member who had visited Institutes in England. MARCIL held a successful card party. They report that the Hot Soup project for the pupils of the Shigawake-Port Daniel Consolidated School is well under way. MATAPEDIA heard a report on the Santa Claus Project when over five hundred bags of candy and fruit were distributed to the local children; presented a Guest Book to the Matapedia Intermediate School when it officially opened; plan to attend a work evening for the Red Cross. RESTIGOUCHE sent treats to all the children in Sillarsville; remembered shut-ins at Christmas.

BROME:

AUSTIN heard a paper on "Sketch of Q. W. I."; sent pictures and literature to "English Link". KNOWLTON'S LANDING realized \$19.00 from card party; sent gift to hospitalized friend.

CHAT.-HUNTINGDON:

AUBREY-RIVERFIELD sent Valentines to Children's Memorial Hospital; sent jams and canned goods to Convalescent Home in Ormstown; saw a demonstration on cutting slip-covers and pleating drapes. DEWITVILLE saw a demonstration on Cake decorating; helped a needy family. DUNDEE had a discussion on Educational Value of T.V.; saw a demonstration on Coffee. HEMMINGFORD saw a demonstration on Sandwich Making and held a card party. HOWICK heard a poem "Care of a Husband" and a paper on Professional Education; saw a demonstration on making of two supper dishes; donated \$25.00 to Foundation Fund and \$25.00 to Retarded Children Fund. HUNTINGDON heard a talk on Scottish Rural W.I. and letters from a Scottish member were read. ORMSTOWN heard a talk on Red China and saw a demonstration on making of quilt blocks.

COMPTON:

CANTERBURY sent a sunshine basket to a sick member; held a social evening to which the members' husbands were invited. COOKSHIRE heard

a talk by Compton County School Nurse, Mrs. Erv Watson, R. N., on "Eyes". They also heard a talk on "Cheese" and a short resumé of the "History of the A. C. W. W." Members brought in 25 knitted squares and also cotton for cancer dressings. EAST ANGUS gave 32 baskets and gifts to sick and shut-ins at Christmas; donated \$25.00 to East Ang Cookshire School Bursary and \$2.00 to School Fair Prizes. EAST CLIFTON voted \$4.00 to Quebec Service Fund; held a baby shower for one of the members; made donation to the Cemetery Fund in memory of deceased members; gave a gift to a member's baby. SAWYERVILLE saw a demonstration on sewing machine attachments by two members of the Singer sewing machine staff; realized \$19.00 from an apron parade and sale of aprons. The quilt block for Tweedsmuir Competition has been completed and sent in.

GASPE:

SANDY BEACH saw films on Empire Sports, Pottery Making, and Travelogue of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. SUNNY BANK had a social evening attended by members' husbands; realized \$5.50 from sale of box lunches and fancy work. WAKEHAM sent books of Valentines to children in Sanatorium; sweaters for Korean Children brought in; donated cotton to Cancer Society. An amusing programme was held when each member paid a penny an inch for the size of their waist. Proceeds of \$5.20 was used to buy fruit for sick and shut-ins.

GATINEAU:

AYLMER EAST heard a talk on the ways and traditions of the celebration of Christmas; catered to a banquet at the Ottawa Hunt Club. EARDLEY heard a talk on Nursing as a Career; entertained Breckenridge and Lower Eardley W. I.'s at a demonstration on Supper Dishes given by Miss Christie. They enjoyed a talk by Mrs. Cornu about going to a meeting by buggy in 1916; heard readings of "Keeping Gift Plants" and "Christmas Legends". Members discussed Holiday House and heard a reading on "The Lay and You". KAZABAZUA saw films on "Social Drinking and Alcoholism" and "The Common Cold"; donated money towards purchase of candy for school concert. LAKEVIEW planned a social evening for April; will assist Hull South Junior W. I. in a Wearever Brush Demonstration. LOWE EARDLEY heard papers on further information of the New Estate Tax and Children reading more in spite of television. RUPERT sent money to the Quebec Service Fund. Roll call: "How much do You Rest?" WAKEFIELD heard a talk on Citizenship; donated five dollars to local Chamber of Commerce for a prize to be given for the children's events in a carnival. With the combined efforts of members at all hospital units over \$657.00 was given to the hospital to re-surface the floors. WRIGHT heard readings on "Don't Learn Safety by Accident" and "Song of the Lazy Farmer". Members reviewed their St. John Ambulance Course by giving a display of Home Bandaging. They heard readings on "How Did Newspaper Originate" and "Why is Friday Considered Unlucky"; saw films on "Farm Home Beautiful" and "Assignment Children"; entertained the members of Kazabazua W. I. on their twentieth anniversary.

JACQUES CARTIER

STE. ANNES held their annual dinner party; held a Valentine Party.

MEGANTIC

INVERNESS discussed W. I. Library and helped a needy family. They heard original poems on the W. I.; judged essays on "The Value of a Good Education" and prizes were awarded.

MISSISQUOI:

FORDYCE heard Declaration of Rights; donated \$5.00 to Children's Memorial and \$10.00 to "Home for retarded Children" in Sherbrooke. STANBRIDGE EAST had questionnaire from Holiday House committee; had a discussion on hot lunches in local school.

PONTIAC:

BRISTOL had a discussion on Flag situation; heard a reading "Guests for Dinner"; each member gave a one-minute speech. CLARENDON donated \$10.00 to County Funds; received a donation of a hand-embroidered tablecloth to be sold for general funds. ELMSIDE had a discussion on Do's and Don't's; heard life history of Institute; presented life membership pins and certificates to two most faithful members; gave two boxes of used clothing to County Nurse to be distributed. Supper fee was increased from 10c to 25c. QUYON collected \$14.53 for UNICEF. Roll call: "Name your birthplace and some historical event connected with it." SHAWVILLE gave four boxes to needy families at Christmas; donated \$25.00 to Brookdale Farm Orphanage; heard report of Bridge Marathon and a paper on "Spices". WYMAN heard paper on "Canadian Women spent the Year to Good Advantage." Short items were heard from the convenors of Agriculture, Welfare and Health, Publicity.

QUEBEC:

VALCARTIER held a social evening at which W. I. members entertained their husbands.

RICHMOND:

GORE decided to help the county to furnish a sitting room in Sherbrooke Hospital; had a contest on Geography. RICHMOND YOUNG WOMEN also decided to help furnish a sitting room in Hospital; helped a needy family. SHIPTON realized \$2.85 from sale of aprons; will help furnish room in Hospital. Roll Call: "What I Would Like to See the C. A. C. accomplish". A list of these suggestions were sent to a C. A. C. member. SPOONER POND heard an article on the value of Institute work to lonely women who are beginning to feel no longer useful; heard reading on the weaknesses of sight-reading system of teaching; sent 26 boxes to sick and shut-ins; donated \$10.00 to hot lunches for needy children at school; collected 25c from each member to send a baby powder and soap to Cecil Memorial Home. WINDSOR MILLS sold 10 boxes of Christmas cards for UNICEF.

SHEFFORD:

GRANBY HILL made a donation to Service Fund; entered blocks in Tweedsmuir Competition; entertained new and old neighbours at an afternoon tea. GRANBY WEST held a commercial contest. WA-

TERLOO-WARDEN made a subscription to C. A. C.; entered blocks in Tweedsmuir Competition; started a Round Robin for CARE packages.

SHERBROOKE:

ASCOT entertained Milby and Huntingville members. One member sent an essay to A. C. W. W. contest and another sent essay to F. W. I. C. contest. Four volunteered to work at Cancer Clinic. BELVIDERE collected cards for School for Retarded Children; helped at Cancer Clinic. BROMPTON ROAD gives a gift each month to a war veteran; heard articles on "Household Diary" and "The First Wedding Shower"; donated \$25.00 to School for Retarded Children and \$10.00 for prizes for Grades I and II at Mitchell School. LENNOXVILLE entertained members of Ascot W. I.; helped at Cancer Clinic. MILBY welcomed a new member; helped at Cancer Clinic; sent \$5.00 to UNICEF.

STANSTEAD:

AYER'S CLIFF heard a talk on caring for wounds and saw a demonstration on bandaging; sent a box of old Christmas cards to England and a box of food to a needy family; discussed the furnishing of a small waiting room in hospital and discussed "Holiday House". HATLEY held their annual Valentine card party; donated a subscription to local library to a family. HATLEY CENTRE sent layettes to refugees; sponsored a bridal shower; remembered the sick and needy; helped purchase books for school library; discussed the county project. MINTON held a Valentine Party for members and their families. NORTH HATLEY held a panel discussion on Discrimination and Prejudice, a question and answer period following. STANSTEAD NORTH held a "pot luck dinner"; heard a talk on the retarded child; voted in favour of county project of adopting an European child. TOMIFOBIA toured the Dominion Textile Plant; held a dinner and sale; sent money to a children's hospital; remembered the sick and needy; donated \$10.00 to local school for hot lunches; discussed county project. WAY'S MILLS voted money to local school for hot lunches; observed two minutes of silence in memory of deceased member. Roll Call: one cent per inch of stride (proceeds to UNICEF).

VAUDREUIL:

CAVAGNAL gave cigarettes and ties to veterans in psychiatric ward of Ste. Anne's Hospital for Christmas; set up a depot for UNESCO and sold 153 boxes of Christmas cards; saw slides on Mexico and Texas. HARWOOD's meeting was in the form of a party.

ANNOUNCING!

1959

Quebec Junior Farmer Conference

June 26-30

Macdonald College

RECIPE PAGE

The Soup Pot

ONE of the best ways of getting a hearty meal off to a good start is with a bowl of nourishing home-made soup. Although we can't overlook the many advantages of canned soups, it is one of the greatest joys of cooking to have a soup pot working for you on the back of the stove.

Stock forms the basis of many

home-made soups. You can buy canned consomme or bouillon, dehydrated bouillon cubes, or make it yourself using bones from roasts, steaks, or fowl, simmered in water. Home made stock has such excellent flavour that many ambitious home makers feel that it is worth making. Here is the recipe:



BROWN STOCK

- 6 lb. shin of beef and marrow bone
- 3 quarts cold water
- 1 sprig parsley
- 1 sprig marjoram
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 sprigs thyme
- 6 cloves
- 1/2 tsp. peppercorns
- 1/4 cup each of diced carrot, turnip, onion, celery
- 1 tbsp. salt

Remove meat from bones and cut in cubes. Put fat, bone, and meat cubes in kettle. Cover with water and let stand 1 hour, to draw out juices from meat. Heat slowly to boiling point and simmer 3 hours or more. Skim from time to time. Add vegetables, spices and salt the last hour of cooking. Strain. Cool quickly, uncovered, to prevent souring. Cover and refrigerate until used.

This basic stock recipe forms the basis of any number of delicious soups. Here are a few examples:

VEGETABLE SOUP

- 5 tbsp. butter
- 1/2 cup diced carrot
- 1/2 cup diced turnip
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced potatoes
- 1/2 onion sliced thin
- 1 quart stock
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tsp. parsley, chopped fine
- 1 tbsp. minced green pepper

Melt butter in large pan. Add vegetables and cook 10 minutes,

stirring constantly. Add stock. Simmer for 1 hour, or until vegetables are soft. Season with salt and pepper. Add parsley. Serves 6.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

- 5 tbsp. butter
- 4 cups thinly sliced large onions
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 quart stock
- 1 tsp. salt
- 5 toast fingers
- 2 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese

Saute onions in butter until golden brown. Sprinkle with pepper. Bring stock to boil. Add onions, salt. Simmer for 1 hour, covered. Pour soup over toast finger in each bowl. Sprinkle with cheese. Makes 5 servings.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

- 1/4 lb. whole mushrooms
- 1 tbsp. butter
- 1 tbsp. chopped onion
- 2 cups stock
- 1 tbsp. butter
- 3 tbsp. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Wash mushrooms, chop fine. Saute onions and mushrooms in 1 tbsp. butter until golden brown. Add stock, simmer for 10 minutes, uncovered. In top of double boiler, make a white sauce with remaining ingredients. Cook over boiling water, stirring until thickened. Add mushroom mixture. Serves 6.

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Mulligatawny soup is an India soup, with the pungent flavour of curry. The secret lies in cooking a long time with curry.

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1 medium sliced onion
- 1/2 sour apple
- 2 tbsp. curry
- 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
- Saute the above four ingredients in butter. Cook then add:
- 1 tbsp. rice
- 1 cup diced chicken
- 1 cup tomato
- 2 cups chicken stock

Cook slowly until the rice is cooked. When the rice is cooked the soup is also.

Few good cooks like to be out a supply of canned soups in their pantry shelf. They are for hurry-up dinners, or when company arrives unexpectedly. They are used in many dishes such as casseroles. Try adding a touch of your own to canned soups. For instance:

Add 1/2 cup grated Parmesan American cheese to a can of cream of mushroom soup.

Mixed a handful of finely chopped green pepper, parsley, or onion into clear soups.

Add a dash of nutmeg to a can of cream of chicken soup.

Stir 1/4 cup deviled ham into a can of any condensed cream soup.

For that finishing touch, add a bowl of soup with a garnish as: Croutons, slivered almonds, snipped water cress, crisp bits, grated cheese, or thin

CREDIT — FRIEND OR ENEMY?*(Continued from page 15)*

scientific technique of animal and poultry production, to be a plant scientist in some special field and to have a knowledge of the soil; he must be a good mechanic, and at the same time wisely assess the total investment required to properly distribute the capital in the enterprise of the farm. I suggest that this requires a great deal more specified knowledge on the part of the farmer than is required of the average person in any other trade or business."

The supervision suggested by Mr. Parker and the advisory or consultant service suggested by the O'Neils Corners Forum are almost one and the same. If our credit agencies of the future do not provide for supervisory, advisory or consultant service, then farm organizations should. If a farmer has a plan for the use of credit and if he knows how and why the plan is developed then credit can be a useful servant.

An adequate credit system for the future would supply more capital and tailored or "package deal" credit for fewer farmers, as

Dr. Haviland has suggested. It would be flexible and provide close co-operation between the credit agency and the farmer. Such credit could be a real friend to the borrower and to the agricultural economy.

* Farm Forum Guide

BOOK REVIEW

FARMER CITIZEN — by W. C. Good. Published by The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1958. 290 pages. Price \$3.50.

Farmer Citizen is the story of W. C. Good's fifty years in the Canadian Farmer's Movement. Except for a short period when he was on the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College and when he was a member of the Canadian House of Commons, Mr. Good has depended for his livelihood on his farm at Brantford, Ontario, which was homesteaded by his grandfather in 1837.

Early in life Mr. Good developed an integral spiritual, economic and social philosophy which he has since earnestly followed and promoted. His philosophy is broad, embracing all society. His background and philosophy, braced by boundless energy and dedication, compelled Mr. Good to fol-

low and take an active part in politics and the farm and co-operative movement.

Farmer Citizen is his life story ... a personal story interwoven with the history of social and economic movements over half a century. Interspersed in it are candid comments and lucid reflections of the author on our social, economic and political systems which amply support Mr. Good's tenet: "Every man should think for himself and not simply follow the crowd." And for those who aspire to do just that, or who are interested in our social, economic or political life, and for all farmers, this book is a must.

L. G. Young.

The only thing that can keep on growing without nourishment is an ego.

* * *

Ten-year-old Johnny applied for a job as a grocery boy in the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded boy, so he put him to a little test.

"What would you do with a million dollars?" the grocer asked.

"Oh," answered Johnny, "I wasn't expecting quite that much to start."

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THE FIRST HUNT

(Continued from page 21)

into the yard. Then he took up his post again. Outside, the rooster took a few important steps, sucked in a breath or two of the cold air and let out a call that cut the morning like the shriek of a train.

The effect was magical. The fox came bounding up out of the shadows before the last echo of the crow had lost itself in the woods beyond. Only he didn't come quite close enough. He stopped a good twenty yards or more beyond the chokecherry bush and sat down.

The boy licked the dryness away from his lips and pressed his hot cheek tightly against the gun butt. Over the sights he could just barely make out the sharp ears and the bushy orange tail which the animal had wreathed about its haunches.

"He's too far!" he thought. "Blame it all, he's too far out!"

He waited for an agonized moment for the fox to come closer. The fox *should* come closer. The rooster was still hanging around the door. But he didn't, and the furious fear of losing the shot completely took hold of the boy.

"He's sitting still now," he thought. "And even if he comes in closer, maybe he'll be moving so fast that I'll never get a bead on him."

So he took a breath of air, held it till the last faint trembling went out of the barrel, took one final look at his quarry, and squeezed the trigger. The fox gave an astonished leap, ran forward a few steps and then doubled back towards the woods.

The boy wanted to cry. "If I'd only of waited!" he said aloud. "But no, I wouldn't!"

The desperate hope that perhaps he had hit him after all came to him then. Maybe the fox hadn't gone very far. He went out of the henhouse on the run, but when he came to the place where the fox had sat, he could see nothing. "I've lost him!" he cried. "Blame it all and blame me for a fool I've lost him!"

Then he saw the first bright splash of blood. Then another, and finally a trail of blood spots. "I've got him!" he breathed. "I've got him!"

The excitement flamed so high in him that he couldn't hang on to it and he turned his face toward the house and yelled at the top of his lungs. "Come here! Come here everybody! I've got him!"

Then, as fiercely eager as any

other beast of prey, he took up the trail.

The fox was lying about fifty yards away where the field fell down into the creek. It had crawled into a tangle of purple iris, and there it lay with the breeze making bits of gray in the bright orange fur. The bullet had struck him square amidships and the boy wondered how he could have run so far.

He didn't see the two pups until he rolled the fox over with his foot to make sure that it was quite dead. They must have been lying in the same iris clump, and they whimpered when they broke cover and didn't seem to know which way to go. But they kept moving just far enough and just fast enough to keep clear of the boy and finally they disappeared into the fringe of the woods.

"Geez!" the boy muttered softly as he came back to where he had left the old one. "Geez! It was a she!"

And sure enough, he could see the two rows of distended breasts now.

He found a rock on the creek-bank and sat down. He had begun to feel rather miserable. It was very foolish of course for him to let this soppy feeling come gnawing at him and he did his best to wall himself away from it. He had shot the fox. The one that had killed his mother's precious chickens. The one he had wanted to shoot more than anything else in the world. And it had been a good shot, — better than a lot of grown men could make. The fox was a big one and he'd skin it and have it made into a choker for his mother for Christmas maybe. And his dad would probably let him have the rifle any old time he had a good reason now.

But every time the boy looked at the fox again and saw the glaze of her brown eyes; when he thought of how she had looked but a moment ago as she sat in the wreath of her beautiful tail and of how one tiny squeeze of his finger had turned her to this; when he thought of the pups which were right now waiting in the woods for her, his throat would give him no peace.

He got up at last and kicked the rock. "Well why did she do that to all my mother's chickens then!" he asked.

But right away the answer was there and it didn't help any. The fox had killed his mother's chickens because she too was a mother.

He started up toward the house after awhile carrying the fox by its tail, and he got into the kitchen just as his father was hitching up his suspenders. "Well I'll be go to hang!" his dad exclaimed softly as he took the animal and hefted it. Then he took it to the foot of the stairs and hollered. "Hey Mom! Hit the deck! The young lad's got a fox for you to fry up!"

The kitchen was full in no time at all, and everybody made a big fuss. Even his mother who should have been horrified to learn that her son had been out alone with a rifle.

And when they were all crowded around him like that, with everyone talking at once and patting him on the back, the boy felt fine again. He even felt like the hero he had dreamed of being the day before.

"Well lad," the hired man said as they got up from breakfast an hour later, "That makes you a man, you know. You remember how it was with the Indians, don't you? You didn't get to be a brave until you made your first kill. After that, you could call yourself a man. And you could travel around with them."

But after the excitement and the glamour had died down a bit that morning, and when he was alone again between the rows of corn he was supposed to be hoeing, the boy found himself fighting back again at the same question which had made him kick at the rock. The worst of it was that it was something which he had to fight alone. For it would be much too childish of him to ask an older person about it, and he knew there was probably no good answer anyhow.

The silly thinking about it made him so lonely after awhile that he hung his hoe on the fence and he went down to the field beyond the henhouse where the two dead chickens still lay in the sun. He took one in each hand, looked around to make sure that no one was looking and went along the creek and then up along the rim of the wood where he had last seen the whimpering pups. He threw the chickens as far into the woods as the bushes would let him and then he turned back.

He felt a lot better then, but he didn't go back to the silence of the corn rows. Instead, he went up to the barnyard where his father and the hired man were busy making a pig crate and laughing about something.

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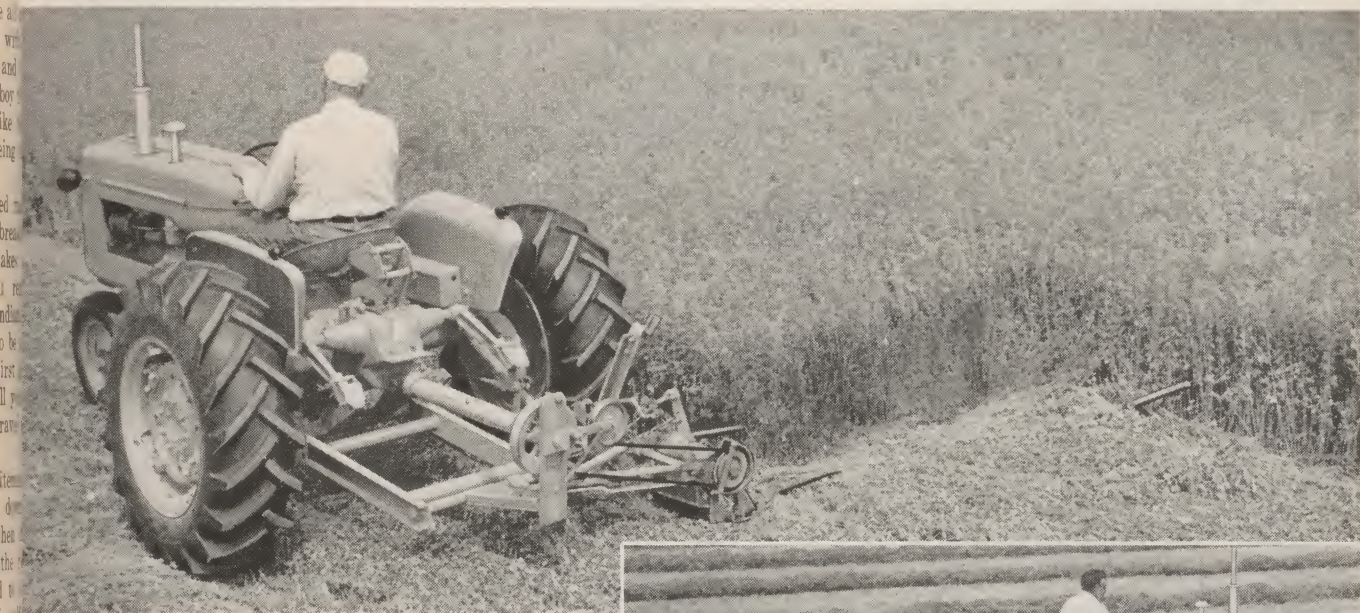
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